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would reunite the broken bands by which education and the church in past times have been held together.

Excepting that we do not agree with many of Mr. Henry's disparaging views of the working of our institutions, we cordially approve of his discourse. It is written throughout in a spirited and scholarlike style, and some passages are wrought up to a high pitch of eloquence and beauty.

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13. — *The Lowell Offering ; a Repository of Original Articles, written by Females employed in the Mills.* Lowell : A. Watson. Numbers 1, 2, and 3. 4to. pp. 1 — 48.

IN an article on "The Cotton Manufacture," in the last Number of this Journal, we took occasion to speak of the intelligence and general respectability of the factory operatives at the new city of Lowell. We little expected so soon to see such evidence of their cultivation of mind, as what is now before us. A literary periodical from a cotton-mill is a new thing under the sun. One might think that a factory, with its eternal and confounding whirl and clatter, would be the last place on earth which the Castalian maids would choose to haunt. But here they have been, past doubt, and have left the authentic print of their step.

The "Lowell Offering," it appears, had its origin in a *réunion* of factory girls, who were accustomed to enliven, and turn to profit, their social meetings, by communicating to one another their compositions in prose and verse. Two clergymen, who were in the habit of attending these meetings, suggested a publication of some of the pieces thus contributed, in order "to encourage the cultivation of talent, to preserve articles worthy of preservation, and to correct an erroneous idea which generally prevails in relation to the intelligence of persons employed in the mills." We are not surprised to be told, that the success of the work has far exceeded the modest expectations of its projectors. Of the first Number, we learn that an edition of three thousand copies has been disposed of, and a second edition of two thousand copies has just been issued from the press.

The papers in the three Numbers before us are wholly the production of female operatives in the Lowell mills. Their merit will astonish and mystify all readers, whose notions of a manufacturing population are drawn from descriptions of the manufacturing towns abroad ; and especially will it be a sore perplexity and cross (while it should rather be a provocative to a generous literary emulation) to those ingenious gentlemen,

who, in Congress and elsewhere, have been used to speak so intelligently of the "white slaves" of the North. Of course, it is less matter of surprise to us, who have been aware that many of these young women have that sort of taste, which leads them, when their day's work is done, to take lessons in French and music, and that they are mostly the well-educated daughters of substantial New England farmers, attracted to the factories by the prospect of earning more money than other occupations afford the promise of, and securing an honorable independence for the present, or making provision for a future home.

Yet we confess we were not entirely prepared for the evidence of taste, talent, and acquisition, on the part of their fair authors, which these writings exhibit. They are by no means compositions of that class which young ladies are prone to record in each other's albums, or boarding-school misses to hand in for the quarterly prize. While the whole collection is pervaded by a tone of sound and healthy feeling, many of its pieces show a maturity of thought, and a familiarity with the literature of the present day and other days, such as satisfy the reader at once, that if he has only taken it up as a phenomenon, and not as what can bear criticism and reward perusal, he has but to own his error and dismiss his condescension, as soon as may be. Among the prose articles, the "History of a Hemlock Broom," and the "Dialogue between Mr. Spruce and Mr. Birch," are pieces which would not seem out of place in a collection of the writings of Jane Taylor; and the "Recollections of an Old Maid," are charming sketches of still human life, which Miss Mitford's self would not need to blush to own. In a different style is an article occasioned by a calumny said to have been vented by Mr. Orestes A. Brownson. It seems that, among other inane and insane things with which that gentleman has treated the public, he has lately ventured to indite the exquisite absurdity; "*She has worked in a factory* is sufficient to damn to infamy the most worthy and virtuous girl." He reckoned without his host. The "Lowell Offering" will, we fancy, make him more careful for the future how he deals with the characters of the thousands of his respectable young countrywomen engaged in this employment. He sees, by this time, — if he does not, others do, — that there are some among them whose literary skill would do no discredit to his own spirited pen, while their right tone of sentiment, moral elevation, and generous and Christian feeling are out of reach of a comparison with the demagogic rhapsodies, with which, — to judge from occasional specimens that come in our way, — his readers are wont to be edified. If he does not find himself, in this instance, pursued by the Furies, like his namesake of old, or, like the

rash Lycurgus, torn in pieces by the Mænades, he has taken a lesson, of a kind likely to be remembered, as to what a sensible and right-minded woman can do, when an unmanly assault provokes it. The piece is as good in point of logic and style, as of spirit and temper.

Of the poetical compositions, the following may serve as an agreeable specimen, though there are others well executed in a more ambitious strain.

“ NO.

“THEY say it is too hard a word
For coward lips to speak ;
They tell us it is seldom heard
Where moral power is weak.
’Tis but two letters though, at most,
Two harmless creatures, N & O ;
And sure he has no need to boast,
Whatever of applause is lost,
If nought of principle it cost,
And truth and duty tell him so,
Who cannot promptly answer, NO.

“ But that it is too hard sometimes,
Its simple power to try,
Bear witness all ye ills and crimes
That stain humanity,—
Too hard ! and would *that* told it all ;
But nay, it is too *easy* too !
When suffering and sorrow call,
It echoes from the rich man’s hall,—
The sighs that rise, the tears that fall
From virtue’s lids, too plainly show,
How easy selfishness says, NO.

“ I’ve seen upon the orphan’s cheek
The eloquence of grief,
Betokening more than words can speak,
And pleading for relief.
That look was changed to wild despair,
And hope’s last vestige sold to woe ;
Nought but keen anguish lingered where
One ray had mingled with her care ;
For the dark frown which met her there,
Forbade the soothing tear to flow,
And said, in direful accents, NO.

“ I’ve heard the voice of love
Soft sighing on the breeze,
And gentle as the timid dove,
Each tone was framed to please.
It sought the wanderer’s feet to lure
Where once it fondly loved to go ;
It talked of pleasures that endure,—

Ennobling, lofty, simple, pure,
 And fain the tempted soul would cure ;
 But its rich music sunk in wo,
 When sullen hatred muttered, no.

“ I’ve felt the movings of a Hand
 That touched to win the soul, —
 I wonder how I could withstand
 So meek, so mild control.
 The Hand that led my early feet
 Through fields where streams of mercy flow ;
 The Hand that made my life replete
 With joy, and hope, and blessings sweet ;
 ’T would lead me to a safe retreat,
 An humble vale, a heaven below, —
 But my proud spirit answered, no.

“ That Hand of love, unwearied still
 By such ingratitude,
 Has been my guide through good and ill,
 And daily life renewed.
 And now I can but love that Hand,
 My strength to conquer every foe,
 My life and shield ; and I may stand
 On the sure rock of his command,
 Despite the passions’ lawless band, —
 When tempted from my rock to go,
 Its length and breadth shall echo, no.

“ In that one word is magic power,
 As little as it is ;
 It would have guarded Eden’s bower,
 And cherished man in bliss ;
 It would have thwarted many a plan,
 Deep-laid, for deadly overthrow.
 Decision oft has rescued man
 From snares himself could hardly scan ;
 And often since the world began,
 Hath peace, like a pure fountain’s flow,
 Accompanied the steadfast no.

“ Then let me wield the weapon well,
 And make its power my own
 Nor fear for what the world may tell,
 Though I shall stand alone,
 But that same word, when out of place,
 Has been to worth the overthrow, —
 Then let me with a soothing YES,
 My warmest sympathy express,
 The tear from sorrow’s eyelids chase, —
 For where kind words of love shall flow,
 Why should these lips speak cruel NO ?

“ ADELAIDE.”

— No. III. p. 38.